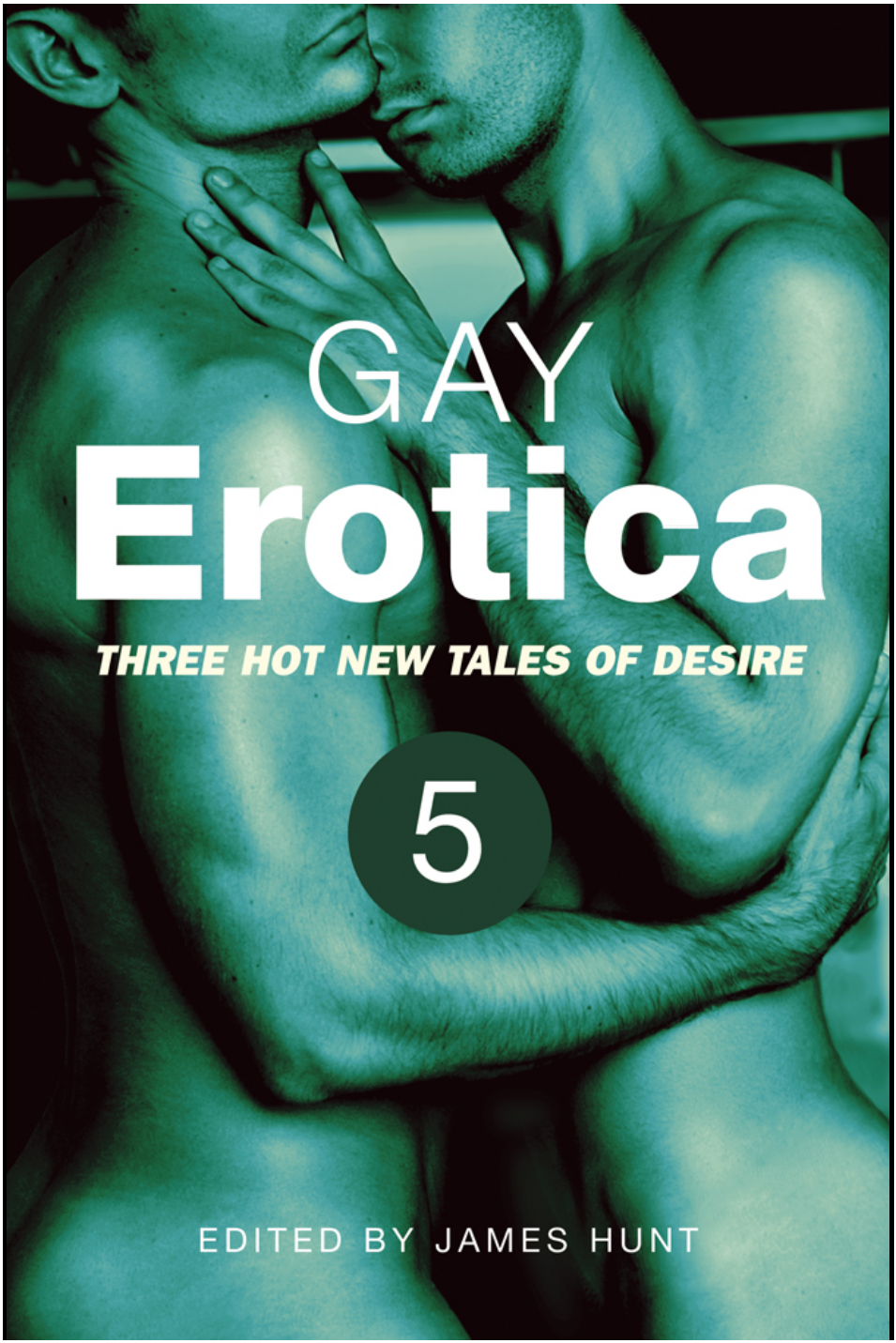
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Gay EROTICA

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Edited by
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V.I.P

CONTENTS

SERVING TO LOVE
by E. C. Cutler

ANYOS THE STEERSMAN
by Jacob Kay

PAPER HARVEST
by Landon Dixon

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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SERVING TO LOVE

E. C. Cutler

Fernando Delgado was preparing to serve, attempting to take the men's singles final into a fifth and deciding set when the heavens opened. Fat, heavy raindrops spattered the orange clay court, causing spectators to reach for their umbrellas and the ground staff to begin the job of hauling on the covers. In measured tones, the umpire announced there would be a break in play, while Delgado and his opponent, the brash young American Robbie Millar, packed away their rackets in order to make a swift return to the locker room.

The interruption couldn't have come at a worse time as far as Delgado was concerned. An hour and two sets ago, he'd been struggling. His ferocious backhand misfiring, barely able to return Millar's powerful serve, it seemed the Spaniard was going to surrender the title he'd won so comprehensively the previous year with little more than a whimper. Millar had declared in his pre-match interviews he was determined to get revenge for having lost to Delgado in Australia and London, and when he was in such a dominant mindset, nothing could stop him. Yet, somehow, Delgado had clawed his way back into the match, and he knew that if he clinched the fourth set, as he surely would, the momentum he'd built up would take him past Millar and on to glory.

He knew the reason for his stuttering form. He'd broken one of the cardinal rules of any sportsman, draining his energy by having a long, slow wank as he lay naked in his hotel bed that morning. Usually, he ignored the hard-on he always woke with on the morning of a big game, but today, horny and sweating in the unseasonable heat, he'd been unable to resist greasing his palm with expensive body lotion and bringing himself off. Fantasies of a hot, skilled mouth sucking his cock fueled his passions as he stroked and teased, the middle finger of his other hand buried deep in his arse, until his come fountained out over the crisp Egyptian cotton sheets.

Not that Delgado was the only one disappointed by the unwelcome arrival of the rain. The crowd had been thoroughly wrapped up in the game, cheering Delgado on, knowing if he leveled the tie, they'd have another set of the magnificent tennis both men were playing to enjoy.

This was the final the TV schedulers wanted, too. Delgado and Millar were not only far and away the two best tennis players of the current era, they'd built up a bitter rivalry over the last couple of years that added extra spice whenever they faced each other. When they gave interviews to the press, their respect for the other man was obvious but any praise grudging; unlike some other players, they didn't give the impression of being friends away from the court. Delgado clearly regarded Millar as

a young upstart, not worthy of wresting away his crown as number one in the world, and every one of his spiky remarks – and every sneering riposte from Millar – was gleefully repeated in newspapers and across the social media.

It didn't hurt that both men, in addition to being supreme athletes, were particularly easy on the eye: Delgado's shoulder-length black hair, held back by his trademark striped bandanna, and long, improbably muscular legs made him a magnet for female attention, as did Millar's lazy grin and bulging biceps. Women all around the world fantasized about what they'd do to either – or both – of the players if they got them alone, and it wasn't unknown for the TV cameras to focus on Millar's tight arse, outlined by his crisp white shorts, as he waited to receive serve, or linger on Delgado's pouting face as he wiped beads of perspiration from his forehead with the wide toweling sweatband around his left wrist.

Even now, as the players scurried back to the locker room to wait out the delay, the leading sports networks were already analysing the vital points of the match in super-slow motion, enabling viewers not only to admire the athleticism of both men, but feast their eyes on the way their bodies moved and stretched as they returned the ball. With the rain threatening to settle in, ruining any chance of further play today, those images would be played and replayed, while Delgado and Millar stayed ready for the possibility of an imminent resumption, focused on nothing but the task still in hand.

"What do you think they're saying about us?" Robbie Millar asked, tossing the bag containing his rackets, strung to his individual specification, onto the bench running the length of the locker room.

"The usual," Delgado replied in his careful, Castilian-accented English, pulling his headband free of his dark curls. "How well I am playing. How you are going to throw the match away, just as you did in Cincinnati. That you are a . . . how do you say it? Oh, yes, a choker."

"Says Mr Suspect Temperament himself," Robbie responded, peeling off his sweat-soaked blue T-shirt and stretching to ease the tension in his shoulders. "Have you forgotten your double fault on match point in Shanghai? Who won that day, eh?"

Anyone overhearing this conversation from the corridor outside would have taken it as further evidence of the less-than-amicable relationship the two players enjoyed. They couldn't see the broad grin that lit up Robbie's handsome face, or the undisguised lust etched on Delgado's sharp features as he gazed at Robbie's broad, tanned chest and perfectly defined abs. Hard work on the court and in the gym had sculpted the American's body into a thing of true beauty, and Delgado never tired of admiring it.

Eyes lingering on Robbie's fingers as he unbuttoned his shorts and slowly eased them down, Delgado asked, "So, how long do you think this rain shower will last?"

"Oh, this is no shower." Robbie tossed his shorts to the ground. "The forecast I saw this morning said it's a real slow-moving belt of rain, coming over from the Atlantic. We'll be lucky if we get back on court today." Removing his athletic support, he stood naked in front of Delgado, big, circumcised cock hanging limp between his thighs. "Of course, if I'd wrapped the game up in straight sets, like I should have, we wouldn't be here now, having to wait any kind of delay out."

Delgado shook his head. "No, we'd be taking part in more tedious interviews, and thinking about having to attend the grand celebration tonight, with all those dull

dignitaries. You'd have to dance with that boring Slovakian girl who won the ladies' title, those clod-hopping feet of hers in danger of crushing your toes." His lip curled in distaste at the thought. "Instead, we are here, alone, with no one checking on us and time to do whatever we want."

"Well, I was going to take a shower. Ease some of the stiffness out."

Delgado glanced again at Robbie's cock. "Looks like you could do with some stiffness easing in, no?"

"Join me, then." It was more an order than a request, just the way Delgado liked it. "But before you do, I want to watch you strip, nice and slowly."

Robbie stood back as Delgado followed his command. The muscles that fueled the fantasies of so many women were gradually revealed as Delgado removed first his shirt, then his baggy, knee-length shorts. His olive skin, tanned a couple of shades darker by constant exposure to the sun on practice courts around the world, bore the scars of a nasty fall in Halle, which had ruptured his knee ligaments and kept him out of the game for close to a year while he struggled to regain his fitness, but he bore them with pride. They were all part of who he was, how he had suffered to reach the top. Just like the truth of his relationship with Robbie, though that had never been revealed in public – and more than likely never would be.

As he took off the last of his clothing, he reflected there was no real reason to keep their desire for one another a secret. Any number of female tennis players had declared they were attracted to members of their own sex, and no one had thought any the less of them as an athlete, or a woman. Yet he knew the supposed tension between himself and Robbie sold as many tickets to Grand Slam events as his most skillful drop shot, and by admitting that once they left the court, they could barely keep their hands off each other, they would ruin the image of bitter rivals they had worked so long and hard to maintain.

Of course, they might gain any number of new admirers following such a revelation. Men – and women, for that matter – turned on by the idea of them as they were now: naked, sweaty and growing hornier by the moment.

The sound of water beating against tiles distracted Delgado from his musings.

"Are you just gonna stand there all day, or are you gonna come and join me in the shower?" Robbie asked.

He couldn't turn down the invitation, not when Robbie was already under the shower spray, lathering up his body with citrus-scented gel. Massaging the foam into his skin with slow, circling motions, Robbie's hands gradually moved lower, till he grasped his slippery shaft and began to stroke it nonchalantly. The sight of his lover's hand on his cock caused Delgado's own dick to rise. As if hypnotized, he took the half-dozen paces forward that led him into the shower stall. Were the architects aware when they designed the superb facilities here, he wondered, that these showers were just the perfect size for two people to squeeze in together, bodies pressed close as the hot water streamed down on them?

Almost without being aware of what he was doing, Delgado's hand reached out for Robbie's cock, taking over the delightful duty of wanking and teasing the hot, solid bar of flesh. It fitted so perfectly in his hand, just like the handle of his tennis racket, but so much more fun to hold.

"Mm, that feels good." Robbie sighed. "You really know just how to touch me, Fernando."

"As with everything I do, I find practice makes perfect, wouldn't you agree?"

Robbie's response was to press his mouth to Fernando's in a long soul-searching kiss. His tongue slipped without effort between the Spaniard's lips, staking a claim to his lover's mouth as he had so many times before. Delgado would never describe himself as passive – it wasn't in his nature, as his performances on court had testified so many times over the years – but part of him loved it when Robbie took control like this, making it clear Fernando was his to do with as he wished.

Now Robbie's fingers closed around Delgado's cock, gripping with just enough pressure to send it thrusting upward even more urgently. If he chose, Robbie could bring Delgado off with only a few tugs, knowing all too well the sequence of long and short strokes that hastened his climax. But it seemed their fun in the shower was only the prelude to a longer session on the locker room floor.

Shutting off the water, Robbie grabbed a handful of towels from the hamper by the shower stall and threw them down on the floor. He looked as gorgeously fuckable as Delgado had ever seen him, long, thick cock standing at full mast, hair clinging to his face and neck in long, damp tendrils. He didn't bother to dry himself off, simply took Delgado in his arms and kissed him once before muttering, "I want you on your back."

Their favorite position, no matter which one of them was on top – though, more often than not, that was Robbie – it enabled them to look into each other's eyes as they fucked. Sometimes, the rough, frantic sensation of being taken from behind sparked Delgado to fresh heights of passion, but today he was in the mood for something slower, more intimate, and he got down on the heaped towels without a murmur.

Tucked away in the recesses of Robbie's racket bag, well hidden from prying eyes, were the condoms and lube he never traveled without. Delgado watched, languidly stroking his cock to keep his desire at a steady simmer, while his lover hunted them out, quickly fitting one of the condoms in place. The thin black latex drew Delgado's eye to Robbie's bobbing erection as he crouched down beside him, squeezing lube over his fingers.

"You ready for this, Fernando?" Robbie asked.

"More than you'll ever know, *mi amór*." Fernando hissed between his teeth at the sensation of cool lubricating gel meeting the hot, taut skin around his arsehole. Robbie worked on his crinkled hole, opening him up with first one finger, then a second. Wriggling his rump, Fernando encouraged Robbie to push deeper, till his fingers were completely embedded in Fernando's clutching passage.

Good as it was, the feeling of having Robbie's cock buried there would be even better. Lying back, Fernando muttered, "Oh, Robbie. Take me now. *Tengo mucho ganas*." *I'm so horny*.

He felt Robbie's fingers slip from the tight clasp of his arse, then his lover's big body was covering his, the latex-sheathed head of Robbie's cock seeking to enter him. With a couple of hard shoves, Robbie filled him completely, Fernando crying out with the sensation.

For a moment they gazed at each other, eyes full of adoration, then Robbie bucked his hips, fucking Fernando with long, even strokes. "Ah, that's so good. Fuck me, *querido*," Fernando crooned, holding tight to the broad expanse of Robbie's bare, wet back.

The clean, antiseptic environment of the locker room came alive to their cries and groans as Robbie moved faster, his balls slapping against the cheeks of Fernando's

arse with every thrust. Just as on the court, the two men fought to hold out the longest, to gain the ultimate victory, but it was Fernando who succumbed first, come arcing out to spatter on his own belly. With a groan, Robbie followed almost immediately, every last drop of seed milked from him by the vise-like pressure of Fernando's spasming arse.

After kissing and rolling over, they relaxed in the soft, satisfying glow that follows great sex. Fernando pushed the damp hair from Robbie's eyes and thought again how this man seemed always destined to draw a perfect performance from him, both on and off court.

A sharp knocking at the locker-room door brought them both back to awareness of their surroundings. The more alert of the two, Robbie reached for a towel and wrapped it round his waist before going to find out who'd come looking for them.

Pushing it open a crack, so curious eyes wouldn't be able to peek in and see his opponent lying naked and sated on the floor, he asked, "Yeah, what is it?"

"Sorry to disturb you while you're showering, Mr Millar, but we've had confirmation that the rain isn't going to clear in time for us to finish the match tonight," a voice on the other side of the door answered. "Play's been scheduled to resume at five o'clock tomorrow."

"Thanks very much for letting us know."

As Robbie shut the door firmly behind him, discarding the damp towel to reveal a cock already beginning its return to full hardness, Delgado had the feeling play was about to resume much sooner than that. But no one outside the quiet confines of the locker room would ever have the slightest idea.

ANYOS THE STEERSMAN

(An Erotic Retelling of Dionysus and the Pirates)

Jacob Kay

The scene before him was not one that would have bored a mortal man.

The sweet aroma of sex hung heavy in the air of the crowded hall. Bedecked with precious minerals and metals, and draped in plush fabrics, the vast space buzzed with the low groans and high squeals of an orgy. There wasn't a table that hadn't had its gold-plated fare consigned to the floor to make room for the sprawled body of a semi-naked, spaced-out sycophant, deep into the excesses of delicious debauchery.

Dionysus, however, was no mortal man, and the son of Zeus was tired of the dual-track minds of his followers. Wine and sex. Nothing else mattered. Except perhaps fawning to their god; a god who was dangerously bored.

Slipping unseen from the gathering, Dionysus strode toward the coast. Staring across the swirling blues and purples of the restless sea, he breathed in great lungfuls of ocean air, recalling the morning just past. Remembering how he'd stood at the corner of his over-decorated hall, observing more sex in just a few hours than most would see in their lifetime, and had felt nothing. No stirring beneath his tunic, no hammering of his pulse, nothing but a slow seeping tedium.

Tucked away in the bay below the cliff, the galleon waited in eerie silence. Consumed with his own thoughts, Dionysus failed to hear the creeping footpads as they approached him.

It happened so fast, that he was taken completely by surprise for the first time in his existence. Dionysus could have shaken the pirates off in seconds. He could have called upon his father to shoot thunderbolts upon them. He could have scorched each of the clawed hands that grappled him with blazing flame, scaring their ugly weather-gnarled skin. Instead, a sense of fascination consumed Dionysus as he allowed the pirates to maneuver him onto their ship.

"We're going to sell you, pretty boy." The captain held Dionysus's chin firmly, appraising his prize.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." Dionysus spoke calmly, as he examined the felons jostling before him, aware that for the first time in months, he actually felt alive.

The captain laughed mockingly. "And who is going to stop us?"

"It will anger my father," Dionysus replied, as three of the pirates attempted to tie him to the main mast. Each time they tried to fasten their prize, the hemp just slipped

away. Curiosity spurring him on, knowing he could free himself in an instant, Dionysus eventually allowed them to bind him, just to see what would happen next.

The god's heartbeat raced beneath the burn of the bindings and the callused digits of the men. The contrast between their rough handling, lack of respect and ignorance of his position was having a more arousing effect on Dionysus than all the smooth, perfectly formed men and women that were constantly at his daily disposal had ever had.

"Steersman!" the captain bellowed across the ship, and a lithe bare-chested young man, aged beyond his years by the lashings of the weather, shouldered his way through the crush, his clear blue eyes appraising the bound man.

"Captain?"

"Set us toward Africa, we have a prime specimen for the market."

"Yes, Captain." The steersman's gaze met Dionysus's in one soldering glower, and an unexpected surge of electricity hit his stomach, making every hair on the back of his neck stand up. "Forgive me, though, sir, are you sure? This one seems different."

"You would do well not to question me, Anyos."

The captain said no more, and the steersman retreated to the wheel, issuing orders to his colleagues as he went, keeping the nagging feeling that they were making a terrible mistake to himself. Shifting his weight, Anyos stood close to the wheel to disguise the erection that was rising, uninvited, beneath his trousers.

Undetected by his captors, Dionysus magically loosened his bindings a little and twisted his head toward the ship's wheel. Did the steersman know? He was sure they had never encountered each other before, and yet there was something about Anyos . . . The God of Wine tried to harness his thoughts, yet he was already picturing the young man amongst his followers, his backside skewered with one long fat cock, while he teased his own shaft against the steersman's lips.

The captain yelled, "To Africa!" and a flurry of activity exploded around Dionysus.

Snapping back to reality, the god said, "I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"And I said, who is going to stop us?" The chief pirate spat at his prisoner's feet, his piglike eyes gleaming with avarice.

Mustering all his patience, Dionysus repeated, "You must let me go."

Anyos looked round, and again his eyes met those of the captive, who, although addressing the captain, was finding it difficult to drag his vision from the young steersman's defined, dagger-scarred torso. Dionysus's mind began to ponder how he might reward Anyos for his instincts of loyalty when all this was over, and was both surprised and delighted to find his cock quiver in anticipation at the thought.

Sneering, the captain rasped, "I suggest you stop your bleating. You belong to me now, and I will be paid handsomely for someone as strong as you. A builder's slave perhaps, although, as you are comely, perhaps life as a sex slave would be more profitable." This last comment drew a cackle of jeers from all but the steersman, who, beneath the unwavering observation of the hostage, became more convinced that something was very wrong. For one thing, his dick shouldn't be fighting with his common sense, screaming to be plunged down the darker man's throat.

"I gave you fair warning." A new experience was one thing, but Dionysus was getting bored of the captain's insolence now. He clicked his fingers behind his back, and the ship stopped moving. The wind dropped and every single ripple in the sea

disappeared.

A shiver of uncertainty swept over the sailors, but the captain scoffed. “For Zeus’s sake, this isn’t that unusual. Crack open the wine, boys, and we’ll play cards while we sit it out.”

Deep in thought, the steersman abandoned his wheel. *First the captive’s ropes hadn’t bound, and now this.* “I think this prisoner brings us bad luck, sir.”

“Nonsense, Anyos, this is just a change in the weather.” The captain slugged back a mouthful of wine from his flagon, then wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

“You like wine, Captain?” Dionysus stared, unblinking, at the pirate leader.

Sighing with exaggerated care, the captain turned to Anyos. “The slave, boy, is beginning to try my patience, take him below. You’re not needed until the wind picks up.”

Pulling him from the mast, Anyos could feel the strength in the prisoner’s arms. There was no doubt: this man could have fought to escape on the cliffs. He might even have made it. So why hadn’t he tried? That’s when he realized. *This man isn’t frightened*.

The under-deck of the ship was dank and dim. The smell of damp pervaded everywhere. Piles of clothes, sails, ropes and chests containing everything needed on a never-ending voyage cluttered the floors. Here and there, wooden partitions made makeshift rooms, and it was into one of these that Dionysus allowed himself to be manhandled.

Rotting blankets were piled into one corner and stale straw covered the floor. The presence of several pairs of manacles made it all too obvious that this was a jail, a holding pen for those unfortunates who’d crossed the slave trader’s path.

As the creaking door shut behind them, the air in the room took on a heightened, expectant tension.

Dionysus studied his temporary guard carefully, before gesturing to the cuffs. “You are to restrain me with those?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you usually call your captives ‘sir’?”

Anyos rubbed his head. *This was all wrong*. He felt confused, and abruptly forced Dionysus’s unresisting wrists into the rusting metal cuffs, wishing he could stop wondering what it would be like to see his prisoner naked. “No.”

“I thought not.” Sitting down quietly on the dirty bedding, the God of Wine said, “Your captain is a greedy foolish man who can’t see the truth when it is right in front of him.” Dionysus snapped his fingers, and a goblet of wine appeared on the floor. “You must be thirsty, please drink.”

The steersman’s sapphire eyes shone, a hundred unspoken questions forming on his lips. *Was this man a magician, a trickster, a god?* His thoughts were interrupted by a cry from above. The captain could be heard loud and clear complaining that they had run out of wine.

Dionysus frowned. “I think it’s time to give your master a top-up of wine. I think you should hold onto me very tightly, Steersman, for the life of your comrades is about to become very unsteady indeed.” Raising his right arm to the sky, the metal manacles dropping to the ground as if they’d never been secured in the first place, Dionysus smiled into the gruffly handsome face of his companion. “Your captain likes wine; so your captain will have wine.”

The ship began to rock perilously. “What have you done?” The steersman’s

confusion turned to fearful anger. Grabbing his charge around the throat, he held him firmly, but in a contrarily submissive move, lowered his head, trying to escape the hypnotic scrutiny that seemed to see through his clothes and into his soul. As the rocking of the ship got worse, he held Dionysus tighter still, shifting his palms to his waist, clawing at the rich satin-like clothing. The stiffening of his shaft returned with renewed vigor as his flesh pressed against the prisoner. Shaking his head violently, Anyos tried to dislodge the intensity of the lust that was gripping him as tightly as he gripped the prisoner's throat. Visions of sucking the other man's cock, of being at his mercy, of doing whatever he asked, began to consume him.

Suddenly it was all too much. The man before Anyos was just too perfect, too spotless and too unafraid. Sinking his dirty fingernails into the satin tunic, he ripped it open, gasping as he revealed a flawless torso and solid dick. The steersman couldn't help himself; he inhaled sharply as he openly studied the inhumanly unblemished flesh. It was like examining a freshly carved statue.

Just as the lone pirate's tanned fingers reached the erect shaft, the ship lolled violently, and the sounds of his comrades' shouts from above began to mingle with the pounding of the rain and an eerie singing.

"The fish are drunk."

Snapped back to the reality of his surroundings by Dionysus's bizarre statement, the steersman looked questioningly at his captive. "What? The fish?" The knowing glint to Dionysus's eyes infuriated him further, and what Anyos had intended to be an exploratory caress of the body before him became a full-on grab at Dionysus's penis.

The god, his arms at his sides, sighed heavily as the foreign hand yanked at his length. The ship rocked again, and the fast-growing swell with which Dionysus had beset the vessel began to flood around their feet. So used was he to the feel of liquid around his toes and the rolling of the ship during stormy weather, that the steersman didn't even bother glancing down, simply ignoring the growing storm and carrying on.

His palm was firm and warm, and, as Anyos began to pump his rod, Dionysus felt a weak longing at the forgotten pleasure of genuine arousal. Admiring the sailor's taut muscles, as he worked, the god wondered if he'd built them up just by pulling the ship's ropes, or by wanking off himself and his fellow crew members. There was no doubt he was an expert.

Lurching again, the old worn planks that made up the ship groaned in sympathy with the god, who silently conjured up sea monsters to add to the plague he was inflicting upon the insolent captain and his crew. All except Anyos, who, with pointed and deliberate determination, re-clamped his hostage's wrists in the manacles.

This time Dionysus had no desire to free himself. All the power he wanted to deploy was being let loose above deck. Down here with the astute steersman, he wanted no control at all.

The fish were still singing, but it was the rapid crescendo of panicked screams from above that drew Anyos from his lust-driven state. He shoved Dionysus so that he stumbled backward, his naked ass landing with a sodden splatter against the sacks.

"What in Hades' name is going on?" For only now did the steersman see why the fish were singing. "It's wine! You've turned the water into wine!"

"Yes, sir." Dionysus spoke solemnly, trying not to break the spell between them.

"And you are causing the storm, just as you caused the waves to stop."

"Yes, sir."

Anyos dropped his hands, gaping horror-struck at the bound figure before him. What had he done? For he knew now, knew why the hostage had been so unafraid. The steers-man cleared his throat and whispered, "You are Dionysus!"

"Yes, sir. And you are very clever." Dionysus kept statue-still despite the rocking of the hull, his eyes never leaving the battle-hardened chest before him. "Too clever to be here doing this. You knew who I was from the start."

"Not until I saw the wine, my lord, but I suspected you were not mortal. You didn't seem to be afraid. Our prisoners are usually terrified."

"I have no doubt, sir."

Sharp shots of desire coursed through the steersman's groin as his brain registered the fact that a son of Zeus was calling him sir. "I'm sorry if I caused you offense," Anyos muttered, "you are so beautiful, and I . . ." His voice faded as his eyes landed back upon the god's staff. It was as erect as ever.

Dionysus sighed. "My hands are bound and, as I am not yet through with punishing your foolish comrades, you would be wiser to continue with your previous plan than returning to the deck."

"But, my lord, I . . ."

"Please, Anyos."

The digging of his cock into his undergarments and the plea in both Dionysus's voice and eyes were all the encouragement Anyos needed. If he'd been up on deck he'd be about to die anyway, so if Zeus punished him later, so be it. He'd never be offered another chance like this. The chance to not only fuck, but to control a god! Kneeling in the plum-colored wine, Anyos engulfed the offered cock hungrily.

Closing his eyes, Dionysus reveled in exquisite sensation, as the agile tongue wrapped itself over and around him with confident strength. Anyos's chapped callused palm weighed the god's balls, making Dionysus groan, and his body sink back further against the sacks, trapping his cuffed hands beneath the alcoholic tide.

Breaking away, Anyos grappled with his few clothes, becoming naked with a speed that would have impressed the god's normal followers. In addition to the scars on his chest, other old wounds littered his legs and upper thighs. Despite his being no more than twenty-three, this young man had seen action.

As he licked his dry lips, Dionysus's breathing shallowed and his mouth dried, as his latest lover cupped up some of the wine. The god quivered with pleasure as the warm smoothness of the alcohol was drizzled over his skin and then stared, unblinking, as Anyos returned the shaft to his mouth, drinking and lapping at his pole.

Dionysus's imagination filled with visions of the pirate turning him over and fucking his ass, of impaling him, of spunking his warm cream deep within him, and he had to rein in his fantasies so that he didn't subconsciously make that happen. He wanted it to be the steersman's choice. He wanted no control. To divert his mind, Dionysus conjured the wrath of Zeus, and thunder and lightning began to hammer upon the troubled slave traders with sky-splitting cracks, sending them into an enhanced state of alarm as they began to abandon ship with terrified haste.

Oblivious to the crisis above, Anyos drew another palmful of wine to Dionysus's crotch, before his own needs finally got the better of him. Pulling back abruptly, he then twisted the god round with undignified haste. He grabbed the chain that joined

the manacles and yanked it higher, so that Dionysus's ass was at the perfect height for penetration. He then dipped his own cock into the wine as a lubricant and unceremoniously plunged himself between the tanned ass cheeks.

Lost in the pleasure centered on his groin, enjoying the strange combination of stomach-churning discomfort and delight, Dionysus abandoned his onslaught of the boat above in time to hear the last of the frightened pirates leap from the deck into the tempest of wine.

Dropping the bound wrists, Anyos began to spank the exquisite butt he was fucking, enjoying the sight of his dick easing in and out of the flawless flesh as it blotched an intense red after each smack. Then, he snaked his right hand beneath the god and squeezed the rigid length agonizingly hard. Dionysus yelled in response, the skin of his aching knees staining burgundy from the wine in which they were immersed.

Another thrust from the steersman and Dionysus screamed out his climax in heated pain, as the beating increased in tempo with Anyos's driving pumps.

Anyos withdrew and undid the manacles that, this time, had continued to hold his partner's hands. He turned the god to face him, breathing heavily, his own cock standing to attention, its need to spunk alarmingly urgent. Suddenly, however, the steersman felt unsure. He'd just thrashed a god for Zeus's sake! What would happen to him now?

Sensing Anyos's unease, Dionysus rose with every vestige of royal dignity, and held his hand. "Come and see."

Until that point, Anyos hadn't noticed how calm the ship was now and a sense of trepidation engulfed him, as he allowed himself to be led back onto deck.

Still naked, they both looked out across a gentle sea. There wasn't a pirate to be seen. Rushing to the side, Anyos expected to see the bodies of his cut-throat comrades floating in the sea, but all he saw was a shoal of strange gray creatures leaping and jumping in the foam as they followed the vessel.

"What are they?"

"I think I'll call them dolphins."

Anyos stared up at the god questioningly.

"They were your pirates. As dolphins they will perform acts of kindness long overdue. They won't be selling anyone else as a slave."

Anyos's mouth dropped open, the sheer power of the creature he'd just skewered overcoming him. He dropped to his knees. "Please, sire, please have mercy on me, I didn't mean to hurt you."

Dionysus smiled, his dick re-hardening with godly speed as he held out a consoling hand. "My Anyos, you have no reason to fear. From the start you showed me respect, even though you didn't know who I was. And besides, you have done more for me than you could ever imagine."

Dionysus reached out his other hand and hauled the steers-man to his feet, then twisted the lone pirate so that he was leaning over the side of the ship. As the God of Wine spoke, he lined up his solid shaft with the sailor's butt hole. "I was so bored, so very very bored, and yet here I am on a ship, in the middle of the sea with an intriguing companion."

The moment he finished speaking, he lunged forward. His delicate hands ran with firm caresses over the steersman's back, as he drove with slow channel-filling satisfaction into the man's ass.

Anyos stared down at the dolphins, the blues and greens of the seawater mirroring the shine of the silver-gray creatures, as he felt his orgasm climb with amazing speed from his stomach to his groin, before exploding with white force over the wooden planks.

His voice hoarse, Anyos muttered, “Thank you, my lord.” He sank to his knees with exhaustion.

Dionysus studied him with an affection he hadn’t felt for anyone for a century or more. “You know, one of the most useful things about being a god is that I can have as many erections as I want, as quickly as I want and, as my companion, so can you.”

With a single touch of the god’s fingertip to the end of his cock, Anyos found himself rigid once more, and his tiredness immediately evaporated from his frame.

“So, Steersman” – Dionysus grinned with mischief – “fancy tying me up back against that mast?”

PAPER HARVEST

Landon Dixon

I was peacefully quaffing a Scotch when Clayton Sangster elbowed his way onto the bar stool next to me, yammered, "Hey, how's my favorite redheaded accounting dick?"

I hung the frosty focus on his features. Added, "Go climb your thumb."

He persisted. "Got a job for you, Acton. Need you to check up on things at the grain elevator. Something fishy's going on out there."

The barkeep drifted down, looked at Sangster. Sangster looked at me; the guy's cheap that way, and all others. The barkeep gave it up and drifted away.

"One day's work," Sangster started in again. "I'll pay you." He dug a paw into his flannels and pulled out a terminally shy wallet, opened it up with a rusty groan. Then he placed a crisp, never-been-used hundred-dollar bill down on the bar with all the solemnity of a soldier being laid to rest.

Savvy eyes narrowed behind thick-lensed cheaters all around the accounting watering hole at the sight of the dough.

"Why don't you get your own bean counters to frisk the books, if you think they aren't balancing?" I asked.

"Dill, Dinwiddy, and Dutton – those crumbs? I ousted the bums," Sangster snorted. He ran a pink hand over his sweating rose pate, other hand holding the C-note down. "They were charging too much. Besides, I don't need an external audit any more – the bank loans are all paid up." He tapped an optic with a digit. "I keep an eye on things."

"So keep an eye on things," I lipped, "and blow." A hundred beans weren't enough to warrant my audit interest, despite the wartime dip in business. Not with a sleaze like Sangster.

"I'll make it worth your while – in other ways," the little guy cooed, giving me a lascivious wink.

I throated the rest of my giggle juice, let slip out of the side of my maw so the rest of the boys wouldn't hear, "Back alley. Be there."

"And be queer," Sangster added with a grin.

He was there, with his mouth hanging open.

I was there, with my cock hanging out.

Clayton Sangster was tight with a dollar, and a dick. He gripped my cock in his right hand and stroked, left hand sifting into my red hair at the back and pulling my mush down to meet his. We kissed, warmly, passionately.

For a shyster businessman with more enemies than the Axis powers, and a personality to match, he wasn't a bad-looking guy: mid-forties, bald, round cherubic face with big brown eyes and a button nose, a pleasantly plump body covered by smooth pink skin. His palm was smooth, too, as it glided up and down my fully poled length.

I gripped the guy by the cute little red ears and fed him my tongue, pouring the wet, budded sticker deep into his hard-breathing kisser. He sealed his full, sensuous lips around it and sucked, giving my tongue the blow job my tool was about to get.

He tugged harder and faster on my cock. I had to push him back before I blasted a salute of my own to his handiwork.

He hit his knees, groin level. He was built just the right size for a blow job – height-wise and mouth-wise – and was talented to boot. He stuck out his licker and teased the twitching, bloated tip of my member with his mouth-organ. I groaned and thrust forward, skiing dick up along his nose and in between his eyes. He grabbed me at the base and twirled tongue all around my cap.

"That's the way, Clayton!" I groaned. We were only on a first-name basis on the most intimate of occasions.

He grinned up at me, his teeth flashing white in the sun-striped alley. Cars rumbled by on the road and pedestrians trod the board sidewalk, but we were buried just deep enough in the cement passage to avoid detection. Sangster opened his big mouth up wide and buried my raging dong inside.

"Yes!" I yelped, hitting the high notes, and the high life.

The guy swallowed every inch I had on offer, held me there, encased in his wet, hot-pink mouth and throat. Then he slowly pulled back, disgorging my dripping, straining snake. Then he swallowed me back up. He got a good, old-time sucking rhythm going, one I never get tired of dancing to.

The guy blew hard and tight and fast, then slower, deeper, sensually. I gripped his ears again and held on for the ride, bucking dick down his throat. He'd managed to pull his own cock out in all the excitement, was tugging on that swollen pink appendage at the same pace that he applied the wanton suction to my dick. It was a manly race to see who sprayed sticky ecstasy first.

I almost twisted the guy's ears off, frantically pumping my hips, fucking his face. Staring down at my gleaming dong driving in and out of his wet-vaccing mouth, at his own length of lust getting the frenzied sexual stretch treatment.

A horn sounded out on the street: "Ahoogha!" A babble of voices echoed down the alley from out on the sidewalk. I cried, "Sweet audit satisfaction!" and bucked, blasted, blazing great bursts of steaming joy into Sangster's mouth and down his throat.

He grunted through his nose, gulping with his mouth, spurting from his cock.

Client relations never were so mutually amenable.

Western Grain was little more than one large wooden grain elevator on the far western edge of the city. A place for wheat, barley, and rye to be trucked in from the fields, weighed and classified, then hauled out to the ports by rail car. The business had a built-in "handling" profit for performing this middleman service; and none of that profit went to upkeep, or personnel, I quickly discovered.

Sangster was head of the operation only because he'd sham-married into the stalk-shucking biz via his wife, Madeline Dunn, of Dunn Foods. He was certain his

controller, Doyle Glow, was working some sort of scam, but he couldn't put his thumb on it. That's where I came in, dressed up like I'd just caught the last dust storm in from the back-forty.

I ambled through the Indian summer sunshine and up to a blistered gray door on the side of the dilapidated grain edifice, yanked the portal open. And got a blast of grain dust square in the kisser thick enough to choke a locust, as soon as I did so.

The whole place was like that, from the truck-unloading bays at ground level to the business offices on the second floor right on up to the lofty heights of the storage bins – grain dust covered and clouded.

It took a few seconds for me to adjust my lungs to the fine-particled smog. And then I got to work, sidling along a splintered wall and peeking around the corner of an open door and into an unloading bay, taking a look-see.

"Any rain up in your area?" the wizened employee manning the grain-gulping grate in the cement floor asked a trucked farmer.

"Some," the land-tiller allowed. He stepped out of his cab and around to the back of the upraised hauler, flung aside the iron bar on a small door in the tailgate and let the wheat slide – right through the grate and into the waiting bin below.

Sangster's man dipped a can into the seed stream every now and then, taking samples. Then, when the river of grain had finally ceased, he eyeballed the scale, did some tabulations on a pad, and handed the offloaded farmer a wad of cash. The wheatman carefully counted his bounty. Before slipping a fin of it back to the source.

The classic cash kickback; a blatant corruption type of fraud!

I pulled my own seven-column green pad out of my dusty overalls and jotted it all down as evidence – time, dollar amount, descriptions, actions – as the prairie schooner roared to life and rumbled out of the bay, to be quickly replaced by another.

I moseyed on out back to the railroad siding, chewing thoughtfully on a stick of durum, my tractor cap pulled down low over my unblinking eyes. I quickly spotted a blond-haired kid up on a railway car, sifting a grain spout back and forth from the elevator – some for the steel-wheeled tanker, some for the rusted-out Model T truck pulled up right alongside the tracks. The thieving tom couldn't have been more obvious if he'd had his name plastered on the side of the beat-up pickup – to match the one on his overalls.

Asset misappropriation, blazing away right there under the noonday sun – the second type of fraud!

I noted it all down on my growing rap sheet, the thundering grain and billowing dust clouds obscuring my presence from Sangster's duplicitous serf. I also noted the rather boyishly handsome face of the kid, his buff, sun-browned shoulders sticking out of the overalls, the bright yellow shock of his hair. And there was something else growing now – in my work duds.

I reached a hand down and rubbed my erection, watching the kid work and steal, wishing I could steal some time to give *him* the works. My body burned, cock throbbing in my stroking hand.

I was about to expose my stalk and let loose with some seed of my own, when a farmer suddenly ambled around the corner, looking for a place to water the soil with his own dick. I quickly scuttled out of view, back on the beat, off the beat meat.

Then I slipped inside the rotten granary, ankled up a set of rickety stairs to the second-floor business and accounting office. A sprinkling of ancient clerks sat at dust-laden desks making with the pen scratches into ledgers and account books. The

clickety-clackety on adding machines supplemented the general din of the idling grain trucks, the shunting grain cars, the slither of seed and the clatter of mice in the walls. There were a couple of closed office doors in the back, one of them labeled CONTROLLER.

The war was the culprit for the octogenarian employees. Plus, judging by the number of broken capillaries I counted on ruddy complexions, Sangster was saving even more jack by hiring rummies to run his books.

It couldn't have been more than a hundred and ten degrees in that accounting outback. I scoured the sweat off my brow as I ogled one elderly joe count up receipts from the cash sales of fertilizer and farm tools from the tiny store down below – five for the boss, one for himself, over and over like a one-armed bandit.

While off in the adjoining supply closet, I peeped a blue-coiffed jane helping herself to enough writing pads, envelopes and miscellaneous paper products to start her own stationery store; stuffing her purse so full she had to strap it onto her bent back like an army rucksack. The stealing Sally would get a handsome return on the paperage, thanks to wartime shortages and rationing.

"Can I help you?"

I spun like a top. And my eyes lit up like it was Dominion Day. Doyle Glow!

Sangster's lecherous description hadn't done the young man justice. He was one striking hunk – tall and slender, with short raven-black hair and clear sky-blue eyes beaming bright from behind a fashionably framed pair of spectacles. His face was pretty and porcelain with a pair of plush red lips. He was enticingly attired in a white cotton suit that fairly blazed in the beggarly surroundings.

"Uh, hello," I gargled, rehinging my jaw. "I was, uh, just looking to buy a drum or two of DDT. Got any?" I knew a thing or two about the planting and harvesting business from bringing in sheaves and sheaves of farmer tax returns come every June.

"The store is downstairs," Doyle brusquely responded.

I grinned and nodded, set sail. And hit a jutting nail in the plywood plank floor that sent me sailing into the dreamboat named Doyle. We clutched at each other, then clung.

It was lust at first sight, and feel. Our bodies burned together, pressing against one another. Our mutual interest swelled even more obviously as we stared into each other's eyes, our cocks rising up and meeting in a warm embrace, rubbing. I gently pumped my hips and he pumped his, our throbbing dicks sliding together.

It was like the whole crummy barn and its corrupt livestock had disappeared, as we gripped and ground, lost in the lust of the moment. Our dongs glided together, our fingers burning white on each other's arms, hot breath steaming into each other's face. I'd frotted before, sure, but never fully clothed, fully exposed like that. It was a new and wondrous experience, and my dance partner was one of the loveliest lads I'd ever locked cocks with before.

The tension mounted, the sperm in our balls boiling, cocks surging faster and faster, harder together. Until – blast it all except our dicks! – one of the ancient accounting dames suddenly tottered forward with a work-related question, an invoice fluttering in her palsied hand like a white flag of surrender.

Doyle and I broke apart with two audible gasps.

He watched me ankle back across the office and down the stairs, and I congratulated Sangster on that *one* impressive bit of internal control, at least. The rest

of the place was crawling with more two-legged rats than four-legged.

I spilled the beans to the boss-man that night, back at my office. “Doyle Glow is the only clean one in the whole dirty operation from what I could find out.” I set fire to a cig, adjusted my haunches in my swivel chair. “When I buttonholed a couple of your ‘loyal’ employees about him – over a brew or two at a local drinkery – they had nothing but good things to tattle. Said he’s fair, honest, treats them like human beings. That probably disappoints you.”

“Damn right it does!” Sangster squalled, slamming a mitt down on my desk and rattling my abacus. “I didn’t pay you to nominate the guy for a citizenship award! I paid you to dig up some dirt! You gotta dig deeper!” He chucked a set of keys at me. “Take a skim through the books, follow the bozo around. I know he’s up to no good!”

“Normally, investigations of this sort require a formally written auditor-management letter of engagement,” I commented blandly.

He snorted, pitched a C-note at me. “Here’s my letter of engagement. It’s got your name all over it.”

I took possession of the paperwork, filed it.

For all he was paying me, I really should’ve laid out some internal control procedures and fraud prevention techniques for the guy, to put a check on the wholesale looting taking place at the elevator. But when the first one is “creation of an ethical culture from management and ownership on down”, I thought, Why bother?

Taking the last stanza of Sangster’s marching orders first, I followed my boy around. And, brother, the next time someone tells you the accounting-for-numbers racket is nothing more than a pain in the pants, a seat-dusting exercise in desk jockeyship, you tell them from me: Hooey!

Because no sooner had I curbed my car at the home address Sangster had given me, than out floated Doyle Glow. Looking even more gaga in a black, form-fitting tuxedo and white spats. He bounced down the stairs and out onto the sidewalk. Then eased long and luscious into a ’39 Chevy berthed two jalopies up from mine, hauled anchor. With yours truly following right in his tire tracks.

It was a whirlwind tour of every off-the-record gambling and drinking establishment in town, with plenty of raunchy feather dancing and jive joints thrown in for good measure. For a prim and proper and poorly paid grain bin controller, the Glow man was having himself one hell of a swell time. Lending some concrete credence to Sangster’s sinister insinuations, with this cutie’s lavish nightstyle, if he wasn’t skimming off the top, middle and bottom, I was some monkey’s uncle.

I finally gave up the hectic chase around 2 a.m., parked my barking dogs atop Doyle’s desk back at the Western Grain elevator and started giving the books the sharp-eyed sift. The whole building creaked and groaned like an old man in a rocking chair, but at least the dust had settled a little by that late hour. It was just me playing the accounting records now, and I didn’t have to burn great gobs of midnight oil before I struck a tune I knew would be sweet music to Sangster’s reddened ears.

“Bogus payroll deduction,” I yapped, tossing the weighty payroll register down into

my client's lap.

Sangster yelped like a schoolgirl.

"UI," I went on, steering the man's gaze to the right line on the series of employee pay entries, "unemployment insurance. Right below 'Federal Tax' and right above the pittance you euphemistically call 'Pension Plan'."

Sangster glanced up. "But isn't there supposed to be a UI deduction? Just came in a while back, didn't it?"

I bent my form back down into my chair, set fire to a cig. "Correct. Seventh of August 1940 is the exact date the Unemployment Insurance Act was given Royal Assent, the collection of premiums beginning in July '41. There are seven deduction classes in all, ranging from twelve cents for someone earning $5.40 to $7.50 in a week, to thirty-six cents for the employee making $26.40 to $38.50 in a week, or $2,000 per annum."

"Thanks for the tax lesson. So what's your point?"

"The point is that if you break out an adding machine and the appropriate government deduction table, you'll figure out that your controller has been adding a half-cent to all those worker deduction weekly rates, then rounding up to the nearest copper. Remitting what's due the Feds and pocketing the extra rake-off for himself."

I took a leisurely puff on my coffin nail, as Sangster digested the good news.

"No one notices because it's a small amount – individually – and because it's a new thing. And because, frankly, your employees don't have the brains or ambition to carry through on the calculations, from what I've seen; they get a net pay cash envelope every week and take it and like it. Add it all together, though, and it's enough sugar to sweeten the night-life but plenty for pretty Mr Glow."

Sangster shot to his legs and screeched, "We've got him!"

I was turning red ink into black on a client's year-end financial statements (who says accounting isn't an art?) one night later, when Doyle Glow sashayed into the humble place I hang my shingle, and suspenders.

The cookie was packing copious quantities of attraction into a tight white silk shirt and tight black silk pants. The cheaters were gone from his mug and his dark hair shone glossy, his eyes bright, and cheekbones burning. "Mr Acton?" he husked.

"Present."

He stared at me like you stare at the dearly departed, his lower lip gone slightly tremulous. "You've caused me a lot of trouble, Mr Acton. Following me around, going through my records." He reached for his right front pants pocket.

I froze, thinking maybe I was done for, my office gat buried two drawers down.

The guy's hand filled his pocket, as he mouthed, "I'm a certified general accountant, Mr Acton. Darn proud of it. I'll lose that designation if Clayton . . . Mr Sangster . . . goes public with his accusations. I can't afford for that to happen."

"Accounting's a tough racket, baby," I rasped. "And damn unforgiving – when it comes to fraud."

He flinched, retorted, "Clayton was the one behind the payroll scheme! I do everything by the book!" He pulled his mitt and a slip of paper out of his pants pocket, hurled the missive onto my desk. "See, here's the payroll deduction change authorization form for the revised unemployment insurance deduction rates – signed by Clayton!"

I sucked in some air, studied the form with my trained orbs. I started to soften like

German resistance under the North African sun.

"Clayton is stealing from his employees because he thinks they're stealing from him."

"They are!" I yodeled.

"I know," the accounting stud admitted. "But Clayton doesn't want to pay for a more sophisticated system of internal controls – proper segregation of duties, physical controls, external auditors – because it would mean more off the bottom line than goes missing, he figures."

It fit Sangster like a tissue-paper suit. Except for a couple of festering anomalies. I laid them bare: "If you're straight as a stretch of rope, just why are you going along with Sangster's scheme? And if Sangster's the one reaping the illicit harvest of cabbage, just where do you come up with the all the money to finance your nightly wingdings?"

He blushed redder than Uncle Joe. "I didn't want to have to tell anybody about it. I'm not proud of it . . ."

He wasn't so proud that he wouldn't throw himself at me, however.

He walked slowly up to my desk, unbuttoning his shirt, pulling it out and back and sliding it off his shoulders. And what buff shoulders they were – smooth and rounded and ivory as the rest of his torso, except for his flaming pink nipples. Those nipples were of the succulent puffy variety, same as an eighteen-year-old might sport. As was his whole upper body for that matter – toned and hairless and unblemished and an absolute delight to my jaded, green-shaded eyes. He came around the desk, unbuttoning his pants.

I tore off my eyeshade and flung it aside, getting an eyeful and a pants-full. My cock had gone from limply scared to blood-roaringly surged in seconds. My whole body and being bubbled with excitement, heart beating a marching tattoo, as young Doyle stood bare-chested right before me and pushed down his pants. His mother had neglected to set out his drawers that morning, because now he was totally, starkly naked, his cock hanging down long and thick, even semi-erect, from his dark furry loins.

"Make love to me, Mr Acton!" he breathed.

"Sure thing!" I gulped.

I sprang up and kicked off my Florsheims, ripped off my tie and shirt and pants. Until I was as stunningly naked in a place of business as he was. We stared at each other for a tense, breathless moment, drinking in the erotic situation with all of our senses. Then I reached out and grasped his cock. He shivered and moaned.

His prick swelled in my hand, beating. It stretched out and up, inches and inches of clean-cut, lightly veined, bulbed-cap pink penis perfection. He grabbed onto my boner, his soft, heated palm and slender, wrapping fingers hitting me like a sexual bomb.

We stroked one another, glaring into each other's eyes, intimately introducing ourselves. His eyes were wide and innocent and wonderful, his lean, lovely body quivering with my every tug. His red lips parted like rose petals, and I planted my pair on his pair, hard and hungry.

I kissed him, pumped him. He let me, clinging to my cock. His mouth was as dewy as springtime, just as lush. I chewed on his plush silken lips, urgently painted them with my tongue. Then I shot my tongue inside his mouth, over his velvety length of tongue. We entwined our slippery pink lickers over and over, our hands

pulling on each other's cock.

"I want to suck you!"

"Please!"

I wanted to taste his mature manhood, coat it with my tongue and consume it with my mouth. But first I dipped my head down to his chest and licked around and around one of his flowered nipples, the other. The buds blossomed even further, and he gasped and trembled.

I dropped his cock and clutched his mounded pecs, popping his nipples up even higher, into my mouth. I sucked on the one, then the other, extracting pure pleasure from the rubbery texture of the pair, the pebbled feel of his wide areolae.

I kissed and licked my way down his heaving chest, his tightened stomach, stopping to dig my tongue into his cute little belly button. Then I was gripping his hips and staring into the gaping slit on the mushroomed head of his long, wrist-thick prick.

"Please, suck me!"

Nicer words were never spoken one man to another. I inhaled Doyle's cap and clamped my lips down around it. He jerked, jumping shaft into my maw. I sucked on his knob, spun my tongue all around. Before looking up at him and pushing my head forward, sliding my lips down his hard-throbbing pole.

He grabbed at my hair, trembling like a teenager, as I subsumed fully half of his pipe. I held him tight and hot in my wet-hot mouth, then pulled back, pushed forward. I ardently sucked Doyle's cock, loving the fleshy taste, the pulsating feel, the slightly tangy boy scent of his balls. Here was a kid worthy of oral interrogation.

He couldn't take it. I'd only wet-vacced sixty or seventy strokes when he bleated, "Please, fuck me, Mr Acton! Stick your cock in my ass and fuck me!"

He could take it – long and hard and deep in the anus. He bent over my desk and presented his taut, rounded butt cheeks for my amusement. I sank my fingers into the pliable pair, kneaded the rich, satin-smooth flesh, reveling in the feel. I shunted my cock in between, frotting for fun and pleasure.

Then I pulled back, and pulled a desk drawer open, got out some gun grease and oiled my dong. I drove two slick-ened fingers in between Doyle's buttocks and scrubbed his tantalizing young crack. He tremored, ass cheeks rippling. Pre-come gilded my slit. I was ready for hard-core action. And so was he.

"Fuck me, Mr Acton! Fuck my ass!" He gripped the desk and thrust his bum up and back at me, twisting his head around to see what I'd do.

I gripped one of his hips, guided my rod in between his cheeks, pressed cap up against his pucker. The sexual impact jolted us both. I gulped air, resolve, and drove my hood through his ring and glided shaft into his ass.

"Yes!" we both cried.

I was embedded, balls-deep and burning. He was vise-tight and oven-hot as any come-of-age cutie. I gripped both of his hips and pumped mine, butt-fucking the young man.

His body trembled on the end of my thrusting cock, getting rocked. He jacked his own dick as I pounded into his anus.

It was back-country heaven. I thumped my clenched thighs off his shivering buttocks, hammering home my pointed lust. Back and forth, almost all the way out, all the way in again, again and again. Our breath came in gasps, the desk creaking, hot flesh smacking together. Me reaming Doyle's rump.

He shuddered and shrieked, suddenly shooting come out of his hand-cranked cock and all over my desk. I madly pumped, ramming super-heated pink chute with total abandon. And then I was rocked back on my heels by blistering joy, spouting sperm into the young man's sucking anus, soul-jolting spurt after spurt.

If only all suspected fraudsters were so open and willing!

Sangster's office was on the third floor of the Western Grain elevator, hotter and dustier than a prairie rodeo, only slightly smaller.

"He's blackmailing you," I lipped, hanging a foot off his desk and lighting a smoke. Though it shivered my shanks to say it, I said it: "You and he got all lovey-dovey shortly after you hired him. And then you dumped him flatter than the Red River flood plain when he wanted you to divorce Mrs Moneybags and shack up with poor little him."

"That's bunkum!" Sangster roared.

"He admitted to me that he got used to the high-living lifestyle you briefly showed him – to get into his undies. So, once you gave him the brush, he started blackmailing you to come up with the dough to keep up with his nightlife. He threatened to give your wife all the sordid details unless you made good."

Sangster's eyes darted around like snooker balls on the break.

"You couldn't risk losing Mrs Sangster-Simoleans, so you passed over the hush money to Glow. Until your wallet and your heart swooned from the unnatural effort. That's when you set up the payroll pulldown, to get your poor employees to finance the blackmail." I tossed the signed payroll deduction change authorization form onto his desk.

"But then even that stuck in your craw. So you got the bright idea to try to use the payroll scam to grease the skids for getting your 'controller' out of your life for good. You planned on pinning the fraud on Doyle and sending him to the great silence of the slammer, where nobody would believe a con's wild ravings about extramarital homosexual affairs. Or, at the very least, you'd have something to hold over the guy's head like a paper noose, rendering his blackmail defunct. But you needed a qualified, arm's-length third party to fit Doyle into the frame – me!"

I sucked and blew smoke, patting myself on the back for a job . . . done.

Sangster didn't share my sense of good judgment, however. He banged his hands down on the desktop and squealed, "I don't sign anything – ever! You oughta know that! That's just good business!"

He crumpled up the payroll deduction change authorization form and tossed it back into my lap. "That signature's a forgery – as phoney as Glow's story." He regarded me shrewdly. "Sure, he'd been blackmailing me and I wanted to give him the bum's rush. But I don't need any payroll fraud to pay him off. I let low wages and benefits, lousy working conditions do their magic on the bottom line. Check deeper, Ace, and you'll probably find the Glow ginzo's got gambling debts coming out the wazoo. Someone living the high life like him usually does. And that's just the kind of pressure that leads to fraud, ain't it?"

He had a point, and not just the one in between his legs.

I slunk back to my office. And after a long morning of brutal consideration over a glass or three, I had to tentatively conclude that Sangster was *probably* on the up and up this one time. The last thing the guy had signed in the way of business was his

marriage license; everything else was strictly off the books, cash and carry.

Which meant that long, tall, lovely Doyle was just as crooked as Sangster was. Hell, the whole carload lot of them working at that wooden haystack were as criminous as any jailhouse cellblock.

So, I picked up the phone and started dialing away some of the dirt.

First call was an anonymous tip to the CGA Institute's provincial office. He had a lot going for him, the Glow guy, but I'm not a bub that takes kindly to being played for a sucker. Plus, I had my professional ethics to think of – when a chartered accountant comes across fraud, he's supposed to report it.

Then I put the scythe into Sangster where it hurt, ringing up the Department of Labor and singing to them about the hellacious working conditions and pittance wages and benefits being doled out at Western Grain, in direct violation of a whole sheaf of statutes. I had that ethical obligation as a human being.

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